

All The Colors Of Autumn by AMKelley

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Summary: He's dazed beyond belief, vision blurry like he's in a dream, with the multicolor leaves on the branches projecting all around him, but he can see Mike so crisp and clear at the epicenter of it all and his head spins. He feels lighter than air, basking in the sensation of Mike's warm body moving against his, and if he doesn't hold on, Stan thinks he might just float away.

All The Colors Of Autumn

Warning(s): *AU, sexual content, underage, first time, loss of virginity*

They're under a big oak tree a couple hundred yards just behind the Hanlon farm the first time it happens. They talked about this plenty of times over the course of a few weeks. They've been dating for almost a year without anyone figuring it out and now Stan was ready to take the next step. So Mike gathered up a few old linens, nice soft ones, and sprawled them out across the ground for Stan to lay down against them. Stan's heart was beating so fast that he thought it might explode out of his chest.

He was absolutely terrified, but he vowed to see this one through. Stan wanted to bond with Mike in a more intimate way to show the other boy just how much he loves him. He wanted to feel Mike inside him the same way a girl does. And when Stan gets naked and lays down on the makeshift bed Mike has constructed for him, he spreads his legs invitingly as if beckoning Mike over to him. The warm afternoon sun is trickling through the branches and leaves, casting a splotchy pattern across Stan's pale, lithe body and he looks like an angel to Mike. Pure and ethereal with his ruddy cheeks and unruly hair.

Stan watches Mike disrobe from where he's lying on the ground, slim chest undulating shallowly because he's so excited and nervous in a single bound. They maintain eye contact as Mike discards each article of clothing until he's bared to Stan's half lidded gaze. He's much more *defined* than Stan, considering all the work he does around the farm, and his manhood stands up proudly, stiff and reasonably sized. It's the first penis Stan's ever seen besides his own and the differences between his and Mike's amazes him.

When Stan's is erect it usually flushes to a light pink, slender and pale against his flat stomach, but Mike's... It's the same warm hue as the rest of him, aside from the slightly darker tip, but it doesn't blush the same way Stan's does. At least not from what Stan can see. He's much bigger too and still has his foreskin, a sight Stan's never seen before.

Not that he's experienced in the slightest, but it makes him wonder if all his friends are uncircumcised and if it looks just as odd on them as it does with Mike.

That's not to say Stan's not into it. The fact that Mike was so different from him was exciting within itself. The new textures, colors, shapes... The same can be said for Mike. Every imperfection and little detail about Stan's body is laid out for Mike to see. With Stan's pale, milky skin there's no hiding from Mike. Mike can see every mole or freckle on the boy's body and how his complexion is more rosy in certain areas. Namely the tip of his cock that's fully exposed and tinged a soft pink color.

Stan is still so skinny, even know as they're sophomores in high school, but his limbs are long and supple. Mike loves the way Stan spreads his thighs like a blushing virgin, which he is, and exposes himself to him. He can see that Stan is almost completely smooth down there. He wonders if that was Stan's doing out of self consciousness or if he was just naturally like that. Either way, it just reinforced the idea that Stan was actually an angel sent down to Mike. He's never seen Stan so beautiful in his life and it made him feel worthy in a sense that he was the first to lay eyes on his slender body.

Mike's erection bobs as he clambers down to where Stan is laying and kneels between the Jewish boy's spread thighs. Mike reaches into the pocket of his pants, which have been discarded off to the side, and retrieves a small tube of clear, sticky liquid along with a condom. They were things Mike has heard Richie talking about on many occasions and figured it'd be wise to be prepared. Sure, he got a few funny looks and nasty comments from Gretta Keene, but Mike wanted to make sure he did this right.

"Are you sure you're ready?" Mike asks, staring down at Stan's enticing body with his supplies in hand. "We can wait if you're nervous."

"No, I'm good. Nervous is normal," Stan says, though his voice trembles slightly. "I trust you not to hurt me. Not on purpose, at least."

"Never," Mike promises, giving Stan a reassuring smile. "But you let me know if you need me to slow down, okay? We can take this as slow as you want."

"Okay," Stan concurs, shivering when a warm Autumn breeze blows through.

Mike takes this as his cue and tears open the foil packet containing the condom. It's slimy and thin and he has to question its integrity, but rolls it down over the length of his erection anyway. It clings to him like a second skin, doesn't quite reach the base but figures that's just as well. Mike doesn't suspect Stan will be able to take it all on the first try. He pops open the cap of the lubricant and squeezes it into his palm. Mike experimented with it last night just to see how slick it was and hoped it would make it easier for Stan. With enough of it, Mike supposed Stan would be fine so long as he took his time.

He spreads it all over his cock, being liberal with how much he uses, then drizzles even more onto his fingers. He reaches down between Stan's legs, brushing past the smooth skin, and rubs them against the pink pucker that lies just beneath Stan's erect cock. Stan squirms against the contact, the feeling of having someone touch that part of him bizarre and interesting at the same time, and parts his legs more to give Mike better access.

At this, Mike takes initiative and inserts one of his slick fingers inside of Stan, drawing out a surprised gasp from him. It doesn't hurt, but it feels super weird, especially when Mike thrusts it slowly inside him. Mike is so gentle with him, his touch careful and sure as he fingers Stan, that he eases another finger in alongside the first one. This causes Stan some discomfort as his body regulates the intrusion, but it's still bearable. Mike uses his free hand to stroke the inside of Stan's thigh tenderly as if to soothe him through the process.

This is all done to the soundtrack of Mike whispering words of endearment and praise as he prepares his lover. Stan's head hits all over the place as it rolls back and forth like it's weighed down with lead. Mike's gaze flicks between what his hand is doing and gauging Stan's reaction at the same time. Stan's cheeks are so pink from arousal and embarrassment that it actually makes him look that much more debauched. Mike never thought anything could look so

erotic and beautiful, but Stan was proving him wrong yet again.

"Do you wanna try *it* now?" Mike inquires, trying to suppress his excitement at least a little bit.

"Mmm-hmm," Stan squeaks, nodding his head fervently.

Mike opens the bottle again, spreading another coat onto his cock in case the wind had dried out what he put on before. Stan was watching him the whole time too, mesmerized by how Mike's fist was stroking up and down his manhood. Stan's not going to lie, he feels pretty intimidated by Mike's size, despite not having anything to compare it to, and he's panicking because he isn't sure how it's all going to fit inside him.

But the sun is shining, the breeze is warm and crisp, and Mike, *sweet gentle Mike*, is there to dispel any doubt he might be experiencing. And when Mike settles down over him and kisses him softly on the lips, Stan knows that there's nothing to be afraid of because Mike is by his side every step of the way. Mike grabs one of Stan's hands, threading their fingers together, as he uses his free hand to steady himself.

"Don't forget to breathe," Mike reminds him, pecking Stan on the lips.

Stan's breath hitches when he feels the tip of Mike's cock nudging against his perineum, trying to find his entrance, and lets out a giggle much to Mike's humility. Stan reaches down, grips Mike's erection in his hand, and guides it into him. It feels hot and slippery, heavy even, in Stan's hand, but the texture is lost on him. The condom, though necessary, keeps Stan from feeling Mike properly, but he supposes there'll be plenty of time for that later once they start exploring more. Right now, Stan is just dead set on getting Mike inside his body.

Stan feels the reservoir tip of the prophylactic graze over his hole and pulls Mike to him, popping the head past the first ring of muscle with ease. It makes Stan call out shortly, shocking him more than anything else, and whines at the sudden pain setting it. Mike gasps when the vice-like grip of Stan's body encloses around him and shudders at the noise Stan makes. He's already throbbing so much and he wonders how long he'll be able to last with that being said.

Though somewhat excruciating, Stan's cock remains hard and flushed against his stomach as Mike slowly works his way inside inch by agonizing inch. Stan is whimpering, almost on the verge of tears, but Mike is tenderly kissing his ruddy cheeks and whispering into his ear saying things like *it's alright* and *I'm gonna make you feel so good baby*. By the halfway point, Stan wants to tap out and throw in the towel, but he just wraps his arms tightly around Mike's shoulders and holds on.

Mike isn't able to go much deeper after that because Stan is just too tense, but it's enough. Stan is trembling against him by the time he starts to pull out a little, only to thrust back inside, but he holds onto Stan's hand even as the Jewish boy squeezes his almost *too* tightly. Stan's head is thrown back against the soft blankets, writhing as Mike moves, and *moans* when the pressure inside him rubs just the right way.

The pain is all but forgotten when his body finally decides to adjust and accept Mike. Mike still isn't going all the way in, but what does slide inside does with ease because of the lubricant. Stan is relaxing more as a result and his cries are slowly fading out into soft pleas for more. Mike is kissing him tenderly, slowly, as they make love underneath the old oak tree behind the Hanlon farm and Stan feels like he's flying.

He's dazed beyond belief, vision blurry like he's in a dream, with the multicolor leaves on the branches projecting all around him, but he can see Mike so crisp and clear at the epicenter of it all and his head spins. He feels lighter than air, basking in the sensation of Mike's warm body moving against his, and if he doesn't hold on, Stan thinks he might just float away.

Still, in the back of his mind is that voice of doubt and it sounds like his father. Making love with Mike is taboo on so many levels for Stan, not only because he's still just a boy but because of other factors. For one, Mike isn't Jewish, a fact that would most likely disappoint his dad, and also because they're both boys. And let's not forget that they're in an interracial relationship, which shouldn't be a big deal if you asked Stan, but people are still losing their minds over it for some dumb reason.

But Stan doesn't care about all that. He's soaring high above the clouds with Mike where no one can tell them how to live their lives and that's all he wants, really. *Strong, compassionate Mike holding me in his arms and telling me everything is going to be alright.* Love isn't about worrying what other people think or say. Love is about spending the rest of your life with someone who makes you happy and will always be there for you no matter what. Stan knows that person is Mike beyond the shadow of a doubt.

And when Stan's body gives way and Mike slides into him deeper, he knows that he can fly all the way to the moon and back so long as Mike keeps doing *that*. Mike is rubbing up against him in long, slow strokes, coaxing more soft noises out of Stan and Stan can do nothing but marvel at the sensation bubbling up in the pit of his stomach. Stan has to wonder how Mike is able to do *that*, but saves it for another time because this is too good for him to get lost in thought right now.

"Mike, you feel so good," Stan whines, body trembling each time Mike enters him.

Mike's caressing Stan's face now, kissing him every so often as he pets his hair and gasps against his lips. Stan's body is squeezing him, almost uncomfortably so, but the way his muscles ripple along his cock is enough to make up for that. Stan is so warm and inviting, sinuous in a way, and Mike doesn't want the feeling to stop. He knows it can't last forever, but goddamn...

"You feel so good too, baby," Mike breathes out, thrusting gently into his lover's tight channel.

He sits back slightly so he can look at the rest of Stan's body, admiring the sinew and lightly flushed white skin that deeply contrasts with his own darker complexion. It was like cream dissolving into a nice hot cup of coffee, mingling together to make a concoction that is both sweet and frothy. They fit together so well, like it was meant to be, and *oh fuck yes* when Mike slides the rest of the way inside Stan's body they both know it's over.

Mike bottoms out and Stan feels his cock give a little jerk when he tenses up slightly. Stan's face screws up and his mouth hangs open

with a surprised gasp escaping his throat. He drops a hand down and wraps it around his arousal, moaning when Mike decides to watch him pleasure himself. Mike continues to rock back and forth inside Stan, short deep thrusts that give them both what they need, and bends down to capture Stan's mouth in a passionate kiss. Stan's thighs and legs clamp around Mike's waist, keeping him in place, as they both moan in unison.

"I love you," Mike declares when he breaks the kiss, hips stuttering.

"I love you too," Stan whimpers and he cries out, throwing his head back against the blankets.

And, damn, is Stan beautiful in this moment. Long, slender fingers wrapped around his flushed cock, bring himself to ecstasy as he spurts all over his flat stomach. His lips parted and drenched in incoherent moans as he babbles over and over again that he loves Mike. His hair all messy and wild from squirming against the linen covered ground. Or all the colors of Autumn casting their hues of orange, red, and yellow all over his lithe body.

Stan's body tenses, clenches really, as he comes all over his fist and abdomen, causing Mike's breath to catch. Mike's hips give a few final jerks, slipping in and out of Stan with ease at this point, and comes inside the prophylactic. Despite everything, Stan can feel Mike's cock throbbing inside him as he finally reaches climax and a dirty thought occurs to him. *What would it feel like if Mike wasn't wearing a condom?* Normally, the thought would make Stan cringe with how filthy and unsanitary that would be, but knowing it would be Mike...

Baby steps for now, Stan tells himself. *After all, I've only just lost my virginity.*

"Are you okay?" Mike asks after they've had time to catch their breath.

"Yeah. You were amazing, Mike," Stan praises, pulling his lover down to give him a languid kiss.

"I didn't hurt you?" Mike follows up, doubling checking just to make sure Stan was alright.

"Only a little at first," Stan admits, rubbing the tip of his nose against Mike's intimately. "But you made it feel really good."

"Good," Mike echoes, giving Stan another kiss for good measure as they nuzzle. "Now let's get you cleaned up."

Mike slides out of Stan, making the Jewish boy wince a little in discomfort, but that was to be expected. Mike glances down, taking note of his release trapped inside the condom, and pulls it off carefully so as not to make an even bigger mess. He ties it off at the top, digs a small hole in the dirt with his hand, and buries it in its own shallow grave. It isn't the most ideal way to dispose of it, but Mike doesn't want to have to explain to his grandpa why there's used condoms in the garbage.

He proceeds by folding one of the corners of the blankets over Stan and uses it to wipe him off. Stan raises up on his elbows, making his come drip down his body a little, and giggles when the blanket tickles the area around his belly button. Mike helps him off of the linens and they get dressed together in silence. Stan swoons a little when all his weight settles back onto his legs and it's only now that he feels a deep almost burning sensation inside of his body. It isn't unbearable or particularly painful, but Stan figures it'll stick with him for the next day or two. But that's to be expected.

Once they're both dressed and straightened out, they share a look that is both giddy and embarrassed. Stan is still blushing, smiling because he can't help it, and Mike guesses he mirrors the expression to a T because his cheeks hurt from how wide his grin is. Their nerves get the better of them and they laugh like a couple of dumb teenagers who are *out of their mind* in love. Mike pulls Stan closer to him, holding him around his slim waist, and kisses him long and slow.

A warm breeze blows by again, whispering through the branches and making the leaves chatter, and Stan wraps his arms tighter around Mike's shoulders. He still feels like he's floating away out of his body, like him and Mike are ascending to the stars, and he knows right then and there that Autumn will always be a special time of year to him. That point between the end of summer and the beginning of school will always make Stan think of this moment of him and Mike

becoming *one* underneath the old oak tree.

The exact moment he knew, without a doubt, that he was in love with Mike Hanlon.